

SONG OF INDIA INK DEPT.

Recently, some smart producer got the bright idea to make a musical out of "Li'l Abner!", and it turned out to be a resounding success both on Broadway, and as a Hollywood movie. The way we look at it, this will probably start a whole rash of musicals based on comic strips, like "Kerry Get Your Gun", "Call Me Sluggo" and "The Little King and I". So, to nip this nauseating trend in the bud, here is our version of a comic strip musical to end all comic strip musicals . . . mainly . . .

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The Mad "Comic" Opera

"I can't understand it, folks! My 'sawing-a-woman-a-half' trick always worked before!"

ACT 1, SCENE 1: THE OFFICE OF DICK TRACY



WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD



I know exactly what I'm looking for...

* The girl that I marry will have to be As light on her feet as a chimpanzee! The girl with whom I'll romp Will swing through the jungle And smell like a swamp!

A bone of white ivory will grace her nose! She'll spring like a panther when I propose! 'Stead of sighin', She'll be cryin' With the roar of a half-crazy lion! Athletic and hairy The girl that I marry must be!

*Sung to the tune of "The Girl That I Marry"

But what ever happened to Jane?

She ran off with Mark Trail!

Oh, that's a shame! Well, don't worry! I'll help you find a wife!

ACT 1, SCENE 2: DUGAN'S BAR

Hey, Tracy! I was just in Dugan's Bar, and I saw your girl-friend Orphan Annie!

So what, Phil! She's probably just waiting for me!

But she was with a guy in a white coat!

White coat, you say! That could only be one man! That hideous arch-fiend, Rex Morgan, M.D.! C'mon, Tarzan! We've got to save her!

Leapin' lizards! I don't like the way you've been talking, Rex Morgan, M.D.! What do you want with me, anyhow?

It's your eyes, Annie! I've never seen anything like them before! I must have you (heh-heh) forever!

* I've got no doctor's degree! I'm just a quack; A diploma I lack! But when I first saw you, I knew That I'd like to practice on you!

I'm just a phony M.D.! Your glassy eyes Give me such a surprise That I'm sure that their size can't be true! So I'd like to practice on you!

I look at you every time that we Are meeting here For highballs! How you can see makes no sense to me! You've obviously got No eyeballs!

Why not leave Tracy for me? Let's make a date— After I operate You'll look great there Preserved just like new! Oh, I'd like to practice On you!

Hold on, Rex Morgan, M.D. Your evil plans are doomed!

He's mad, Tracy! Stark raving mad!

*Sung to the tune of "I Get A Kick Out of You" Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.



Shoot me, Tracy,
and you shoot
your girlfriend!

If only I can
aim straight!



Hal Missed
me, Tracy!
Now, I'm
getting out
of here, and
I'm taking
Annie with me!



Sorry I nicked
you, Dagwood!
It's my lousy
aim! I'd say
you've got
about five
minutes left!

That's okay!
My life's been
nothing but
misery, anyhow!



* Old Man Dithers;
That Old Man Dithers!
He pays me nuthin'
An' treats me rotten!
He just keeps screamin'
He keeps on screamin'
All day!

I get no Blue Cross!
No paid-up pension!
A raise I'm needin',
But don't dare mention!
'Causa Old Man Dithers
He'd only lower
My pay!

Look at me!
It's just a crime!
No vacation
Or overtime!
Nine till five!
Like a slob!
Be a minute late
And I'd lose my job!

I feel I'm goin'
It's gettin' hazy!
Goodbye to Blondie!
Goodbye to Daisy!
And Old Man Dithers
Can just keep screamin'
All day!

He's (sniff)
dead, Tarzan!

* Sung to the tune of "Old Man River"



Why, Tracy! You're
crying! Is it be-
cause you feel
sorry for killing
him by mistake?

No! But
I'll tell
you why!

* You ask me why I sob
Killing some poor slob!
I of course reply
When the bullets fly
Something makes me cry!

True, I am just a heel!
Sorrow I don't feel!
Shooting the wrong guy
Didn't make me cry!
Smoke got in my eye!



Why, it's Sandy!
He wants us to
follow him! I
bet he can lead
us to Orphan
Annie!

Arf!

ACT 1, SCENE 3; IN A PLANE, 18,000 FEET UP

I wonder why Sandy led us into this plane? Where do you think the pilot is taking us?

I don't know, but I always trust Sandy!

Arf!

You know, Tracy, I'm really shocked about Annie and Rex Morgan, M.D. I always thought she was just a little girl, and he was a respectable doctor!

That's where you're wrong, Tarzan! You can't believe everything you hear about comic strip characters! Listen . . . and I'll explain . . .

* It ain't necessarily so! It ain't necessarily so! The comics you're readin' Are often misleadin'! They ain't necessarily so!

Flash Gordon, he flies to the stars! Flash Gordon, he flies to the stars! But I know he's lyin' 'Cause folks who've been tryin' Can't even reach Venus or Mars!

Just look at that fellow, Clark Kent! Just look at that fellow, Clark Kent! His specs don't disguise him And yet no one spies him As being that Superman gent!

Now all of Steve Canyon's Sweet female companions Are at his beck and call! They're cuttin' up capers In hundreds of papers . . . But don't believe it all!

*Sung to the tune of "It Ain't Necessarily So"

Now Annie is young, so you hear! Now Annie is young, so you hear! But I am assertin' That I know for certain She's now in her 36th year!

I want every reader to know! The comics, they ain't nessa— Ain't nessa—ain't nessa— Ain't necessarily so!

Gee, Tracy! I never thought of it like that! I . . . HEY! Looks like we're running into some bad weather

The plane's going into a steep dive! Something tells me we're crashing! Hey pilot! What happened?

Well, I'll tell you . . .

Arf!

* It was just one of our wings!
Just one of our airplane's wings!
One of those breaks
That bad weather brings!
Just one of our wings!

It's been just one of those nights!
Just one of those perilous flights!
When you bail out,
Count ten and pull strings!
Just one of our wings!

If I'd thought a bit
To the end of it,
When I saw the plane
was unsound!
I'd have been aware
Once we'd reach the air
That we'd crash,
smash to the ground!

So goodbye, have a nice trip!
Here's hoping
I've still got a strip!
Now I must run,
'Cause we've got just one
Of our wings!

He
bailed
out!

Guess we
better do
the same!
I sure hope
Sandy can
count to
ten . . .



*Sung to the tune of "Just One Of Those Things"



ACT 2. SCENE 1: PENNY'S HOUSE, 18,000 FEET BELOW

I'm so glad that
Penny invited you
and Lowzee to
dinner with us,
Snuffly! Tell, me!
Are you really
beatniks?

Someone's
at the door,
Mom! I'll
see who
it is!



One side, Kid!
The name's
Morgan, M.D.,
and I need a
hideout for
Annie and me!

Run for
your lives!
He's mad!

Don't listen to
her! She's mad
herself! Just
look at those
staring eyes!



Pore chile's all
tuckered out! Ye
allin', honey?

I'm all right!
It's just that
I wish Dick
Tracy were here!
Gosh, I miss him!



* Tre-cy!
How I miss ya! How I miss ya!
My dear Dick Tracy!
I'd give the world to say
That you were here with A-
N-N-I-Even know that
San-dy's
Workin' for ya, barkin' for ya!
He'll find me, Tracy!
A happy girl I never will be
Till Tracy comes an' rescues me!



Don't worry,
Annie! We're
here! Sandy
did lead us
to you!

Tracy!
At last!



And now for you,
Rex Morgan, M.D.
Take that! And
that! And . . .

Darn it!
I keep
missing
him!



*Sung to the tune of "Swanee"

